

# \*\*\*\*\* "THE LOVE THAT LIVED" By John Elkins \*\*\*\*\*

Rosa Velda came into her room at the hotel, shut the door and threw off her heavy fur coat with a sigh of satisfaction. She was the "star" of the comic opera playing a week's stand in the western city. After divesting herself of hat and wrap she took down a comfortable kimono, intending to take a rest. The matinee was just over and she felt the need of some relaxation before the evening performance. As she stretched herself on the couch she became aware of the doleful tones of a violin played by an amateurish performer.

"Heavens!" she said to herself. "If I have to listen to that I'll go mad! It's in the next room, too!"

She tried to think what she could do. She would ask them to change her room; but here were her things all unpacked and her maid wouldn't appear until evening, as she had let her go out to buy some necessary articles for her. Well, she would have to grin and bear it.

Next she became aware that the boy or girl, or whoever the offender was, was trying to play one of her songs. It had a haunting melody and was called "The Love That Lived." She liked it better than anything else she sang in the opera, and it brought her most applause. The player in the next room would get through the first two bars successfully, fall off on the wrong note on the third and come to complete disaster in the fourth. But he did not give it up. He seemed possessed with an almost uncanny determination to succeed. Evidently he knew he was not getting the air, for each time he struck a different combination of notes, as though "feeling for the tune."

"He's trying to play it by ear," she thought, "and he can't quite recall."

The repeated stumbles and failures, the torturing of her beloved

song, finally became unbearable. She took a sudden resolve and rapped on the wall. The noise ceased.

"Look here!" she called. "I'll sing that for you. Now try to get it right." And without waiting for any response, she began.

She sang a phrase or two at a time and waited for him to play it. If it was not quite correct she went



## Tried to Think What She Could Do.

over and over the notes until he had it perfectly. She went on patiently, giving him the air bit by bit until he had it all. Then she heard him play it all through, correcting him only in one bar.

"Now may I thank you?" came a man's voice through the partition.

"It's all right," she laughed. "Will you do me a little favor?"

"Anything you ask," was the very amiable response